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The contradictory capitalist

By James Joll

WALTHER RATHENAU:

Gesamtausgabe
Volume 2: Hauptwerke und Gespräche. Edited by Hans Dieter Hellge and Ernst Schüller.
980pp. Munich: Gotthold Müller/Heidelberg: Lambert Schneider. Subscription price, DM 60.

In 1905, Walther Rathenau, already a rich industrialist and financier, was hurt and offended because his article "On Modern Painting" had (rightly) not been a success. He wrote to his friend Maximilian Harden, "I am deeply depressed by the failure of my essay. . . . You will think me mad if I tell you that people will in good time unlearn every sentence I have written and turn it over and over. . . . That time seems now to have come with the publication of the first of six volumes of a handsome collected edition of Rathenau's collected works edited by Hans Dieter Hellge and Ernst Schüller.

It is right that the present volume, which will in fact be Volume 2 in the completed series, should be the first to appear, because it contains what Rathenau himself regarded as his greatest achievement and a major contribution to the social and philosophical understanding of the twentieth century. His three theoretical essays *Zur Kritik der Zeit* (1912), *Zur Mechanik des Geistes* (1917) and *Reich der Seele* (1913) and *Von kommenden Dingen* (1917).

This volume is admirably and fully edited by Professor Schüller, and he has given us a generous selection of "Conversations with Rathenau" collected from the published writings of a large number of his friends, acquaintances, as well as a valuable selection of his long passages from the contemporary reviews of Rathenau's books. Future volumes will include those devoted to Rathenau's miscellaneous writings and two volumes of his letters, including the important correspondence with Maximilian Harden. If Rathenau's hopes that posterity would do him the justice he felt he had failed to obtain from his contemporaries are not fulfilled, it will not be due to lack of materials on which to base a judgment.

The collected edition marks the culmination of a growing interest in Rathenau both in Germany and in Britain and America. A study of his life does indeed throw light on many problems in the history of Wilhelmine Germany. He was at the centre of the intricate structure of cartels and monopolies characteristic of German capitalism. As Foreign Minister in the last months before his assassination in 1922, he was a practitioner of *Outpolitik*, whose work in attempting to achieve better relations with the Soviet Union was recognized forty-five years later by Willy Brandt. His theoretical writings have suggested to some of his admirers that he was a far-sighted prophet of the way in which capitalist society might develop later in the twentieth century.

A number of books appearing in the past ten years have demonstrated this increasing realization of Rathenau's interest and importance. In 1970, Peter Berglar published in German a study of Rathenau which made use of much of the new material which has become available and provided a sympathetic account of his thought and relation to the German cultural and historical background. In 1971, an American scholar, David Fair, published an excellent account, *Walther Rathenau and the Weimar Republic*, of Rathenau's activities as Minister of Reconstruction and his policy on the question of reparations. Since then, D. G. Williams, in an unpublished London University doctoral thesis (1971) and subsequent articles, has begun to look at Rathenau as an administrator and businessman, the successful organizer in 1914 of the hastily improvised Raw Materials Department and the ruthless head of the Allgemeine Elektrizitätsgesellschaft (AEG). The German scholar, Edmund Pogge, von Strand-

mann, now teaching at Oxford, has published an excellent edition of Rathenau's *Tagebuch* (1967), an English translation of which with a substantial biographical introduction has long been promised by the Oxford University Press, and he has completed a study of Rathenau, *Grandmaster of Capitalism*, which, judging by the two articles he has published in German, should be of major importance.

It is hard, at least for an English reader, to take the first two of the works reprinted in this volume—*Zur Kritik der Zeit* and *Zur Mechanik des Geistes*—very seriously. They do not indeed seem to be in any way different categories of two of Rathenau's near contemporaries who were also men influential in political life: A. J. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* or J. C. Smuts's *Holism and Evolution*.

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Rathenau was content "to be from the stars". One of the main tragedies of Rathenau was his intellectual isolation. Longed for by close friends and writers—*Zur Kritik der Zeit* is dedicated to Gerhard Hauptmann—he mistrusted intellectuals and the intellectual philosophers of his time. The influence of earlier writers, Fichte, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, perhaps indeed the Christianists, to whose writings Rathenau may have been introduced by his friend, the philosopher, Hans Driesch, is not clear. He was not a man of letters, but a man of action, and his work was not in the realm of letters but in the realm of action.

Both *Zur Kritik der Zeit* and *Zur Mechanik des Geistes* are analyses of the effects of mechanization on human society and on human spirit. The former is a long work, and his work at the Kriegsrohstoffabteilung had done a great deal to enable Germany to carry on the war in the face of the British blockade. Although he had given the job in March 1915, his advice continued to be sought, and he established good relations with Ludendorff and other military and civilian leaders. Thus *Von kommenden Dingen* was written against a background of considerable importance for government and business activity.

He had begun to sketch it just before the war broke out and had taken it up again on resigning from the Raw Materials Department. When the book appeared, it was an immediate success: 65,000 copies sold in just over a year. It was seriously and on the whole favourably reviewed by well-known writers and social scientists, including Hermann Hesse, Ferdinand Tönnies and Ernst Tönnies. However, over six years later, we are to assess this bestselling blueprint for a capitalist utopia?

In the introduction to his book, Rathenau claimed that "it strikes dramatic socialism to the heart". In fact, however, he at no point makes any serious examination of Marxism nor does he attempt any analysis of the foundations of the capitalist economy. Capitalism is taken for granted—as it perhaps is in this work, by past, ruling classes had arisen below, had established their power, and then lost it. "This law was inexorably," he writes,

for what made the capitalist masters, what made them capable of subduing the masses, was their puer spirit; and there is no question of preserving these advantages during periods of tedious labour or of protecting the nobler against interbreeding. The noblest racial stock, and we are faced with the terrible question: is it really the past of thousands of years of effort to brew a grey mixture out of all the nobility and individuality of the races of mankind?

The solution, Rathenau believed, lay both in a return to older spiritual and artistic values and in a new economic and social organization of society which would give the ruling elite the power to enforce its puritanical and, in fact, indeed, the masses. This is indeed the theme of the third of Rathenau's Hauptwerke, *Von kommenden Dingen*.

In the period between the publication of *Zur Mechanik des Geistes* in 1917 and the appearance of *Von kommenden Dingen* in 1919, Rathenau's knowledge of the workings of the modern state had been deepened by his experience of organizing the supply of war materials in the even before the war. However, actively involved in this he had been working of the in the practical capitalist system, international relations between Germany and France, and the double characteristic of his so engaged that he continued to be so even at the moments when he was talking of giving up all work.

He had accompanied the State Secretary for the African Affairs in 1910 he was in Paris acting for the German government as an intermediary in negotiations between German firms and the French authorities, about the exploitation of the mineral resources of Morocco. A year later there was a change, though it came to nothing of his being a candidate in the next Reichstag elections. *Zur Mechanik des Geistes* had never been written at a time of personal and professional crisis. Rathenau, Walther's father and the head of the AEG, was old and ailing, and the question of the succession was a real one. There was some support for the appointment of Felix Deutsch who had built up the overseas activities of the firm, but the situation was complicated by Rathenau's deep feelings for his wife Lilli.

During the time Rathenau was acting on *Von kommenden Dingen* some of these problems had been resolved. His father died in June 1915, and in the months before his death his relations with Rathenau seem to have been better than ever before. Walther succeeded him as president of the firm. At the same time his public reputation and influence had grown considerably. He was one of the few people in Germany to force a long war; and his work at the Kriegsrohstoffabteilung had done a great deal to enable Germany to carry on the war in the face of the British blockade.

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the rigidity and inequity of the existing German and especially Prussian state. But he then goes on to discuss the importance of the institutional forms of the state and talks of the future *Volksstaat* as "a living organism drawing the noblest strength from every level of the body of its people" and gives an example of such an organism, of all things, the Prussian officer corps; and even this discussion is soon put on one side in favour of more about the future, *Werden, Wachsen im Leben der Seele*.

It is at these moments that one can understand the impatience of some of Rathenau's readers with what appear to be the double standards of his life, the more so when we learn from Dr. Pogge von Strandmann's recent researches (published earlier this year in the collective volume of essays for Fritz Fischer's seventieth birthday, *Industrie, Gesellschaft und politisches System*) that precisely in the years in which Rathenau was dreaming of a purer, more just society, he was engaged in a ruthless internecine struggle with the German steel barons in an attempt to challenge their influence over the electrical industry and other types of industrial production in which Rathenau had interests.

However, it would be unfair, though it is tempting to do so, to dismiss the romantic, mystical side of Rathenau as being self-indulgent and hypocritical, a psychological compensation for the toughness and effectiveness he showed as a businessman. His attitude to the world of action was genuinely ambivalent, as is shown by his personal reaction to practical politics, which remained deeply ambiguous all his life. Emil Ludwig, in a review of *Zur Mechanik des Geistes*, had appealed to him to enter public life. "There is a man with whom not more than a dozen creative men can be compared in his combination of qualities; by

Yet, for all one's occasional irritation with Rathenau's theoretical works, one cannot help feeling the charm and singularity of the personality that strives to find expression in them; and the paradoxes of his character are reflected by the paradoxes of his relationship with the society in which he lived.

Rathenau continues to exercise on us the same charm and the same repulsion that he exercised on his contemporaries, both of which emerge clearly in the "Conversations with Rathenau" included in this volume. The interest he arouses is not just biographical and the justification for Hans Dieter Hellge and Ernst Schüller and their backers and collaborators in embarking on this ambitious edition of Rathenau's complete works is that Rathenau embodied not only some of the contradictions of Wilhelmine Germany but also many of the contradictions of twentieth-century capitalist society.

Hurrying In Spring

An ambulance makes a straight white line through twisting traffic corners. It hoots and wails in discordant keys. Inside someone stoops.

In a wet country a week without rain is drought. Avenue pines have grey undersides. Rude spirals of dust dervish at crossing-places.

Spring is nervous. Or I am. I seem to stride on a moving walk-way, walk rush with ease. Calm days I try to think of all shake together, slip, their vertical hold away. Something in me's like a compass-needle that knows where north is but can't, for trembling, rest and point.

Robin Fulton

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The obscenity scene

By D. J. Enright

Maledicta
The International Journal of Verbal Aggression

Volume 1, No 2: C. Legman
Festschrift
Edited by Reinhold Aman
221pp. Waukegan, Wisconsin:
Maledicta Press, \$10.

ROBERT M. ADAMS:

Bad Mouth
Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side
151pp. University of California
Press, £5.50 (paperback), £1.85.

The trouble with *Maledicta's* second issue—the first was dealt with by Reinhold Aman in these columns, August 19, 1977, and Reinhold Aman will be dealt with in a later issue of *Maledicta*—is that its editors are its editorial huffing and puffing. It sees itself as a band of frank, gallant and daring intellects battling vigorously against the censorious, mindless, cacemold press which is its enemy.

Maledicta is the old Teutonic philology shakily transferred, as is now safe enough, to the dark side of the tongue. It is typically academic in keeping up the old game of scholars stockpiling future excuses for security. Thus, it is time to consider why psychologists have not examined dirty words and what researchers can do to learn more about this frequent phenomenon (Timothy B. Jay, Adams State College). "Although there is an extensive body of literature dealing with the diverse aspects of the engineering profession, none of it deals with what is one of its well recognized but neglected aspects, namely the use of sexual terms to describe actions, motions, or equipment" (Norman B. Friedman, Richard J. Daley College). "Looking at current biographies, one will soon be convinced how shamefully 'erotic' is neglected in the field of lexicology" (Edgar Rudick, University of Minnesota). "The new interdisciplinary science *Maledictology*, we also lack a system of classifying terms of abuse on the basis of their provenance or literal meaning" (Reinhold Aman, who has married everything except his wife and daughter to keep *Maledicta* going).

Academic is the word, in one sense, for Professor Fleming's "Analysis of a Four-Letter Word". When she showed a first draft of the article to a class of teachers or prospective teachers of English, one of them said: "You're a redneck man", thrusting a redneck sign, observing that his old Sunday School teacher used to tell him "Cecil (not his real name), there is filth in the world, but you don't have to wallow in it". Professor Fleming's summing-up of this pedagogical exchange is: "Could there be a clearer example of mistaking the word for the thing?" Well, one would rather have the word thrown at one than the thing—but the word does mean the thing. Professor Fleming concludes with the observation: "The word 'redneck' is a useful word, but it is an index of social and linguistic behavior." She has done her duty best to clean the word of its prime quality—its meaning.

The operation of the law of diminishing returns in the sphere of obscenity is starkly revealed in "Dialogue between a Pedestrian and a Librarian" presented in French original and translated into English by Robert Saint-Vincent. Philippe, indecisively attributed to Voltaire and inaccurately described by R.S.V. as "a 'complication' of daily words, true, but written with considerable charm and ingenuity", moving along "with sprightly and mounding interest" and delineating with skill "the basic character of two vastly different social types, neither of which is too well known to the academic world". A professor from the Sor-

bonne was nearer the mark in surmising that the Dialogue was "a tour de force to use all the words for male and female parts, for foreplay and whoring, for vulgar and venerable disease"—it reads like an unimaginative dramatization of the "Rôpertoire" to Harp's English-French Dictionary of Slang and Colloquialisms. The Pedestrian and the Librarian consume a vast amount of sexual argot, say little and mean less. It is high time that somebody researched into the reasons for the grinding inanity of porno and scatologicalistics.

But this is not the whole story. The present issue of *Maledicta* offers passages of genuine interest and also considerable entertainment, when Professor Jay explains that rudeness, like many other things, is relative, and "Jesus-fucking-christ may be very offensive in a nursery, while cock would be offensive in a chicken farm" and Peter Tatum, in a packed and lively piece on the semantics of the rag trade, points out that while fashion spies in the early twentieth century were called "leeks" (Scotts-English-Irish dialect), Stevenson was not employed in the location in this sense when he wrote in *Kidnapped*, "Let's take another look at the red-coats".

In a serious-minded paper on "Xenophobic Ethnics", John Algeo speculates on such terms as "gringo", "apparently a variant of 'gringo', 'Greek', hence 'stranger', 'honkie', origin unknown, possibly from 'Hungarian', probably not from the white employer's habit of honking the car horn when picking up the black maid at her house (I had imagined an allusion to the white man's nose or way of speaking through it), and the mystery word 'bigot', which, Professor Algeo says, "meant 'Norman' in Old French", though the editor himself seems in his Taxonomy of the Province of Metaphorical Terms of Abuse to derive it from "by God". Quoting Byron on the high incidence of adultery in places where the climate's sultry, Professor Algeo claims a contemporary etymology for "prostitute" (meaning "prostitute"): "I would say, as no doubt many have said, that it derives from 'the Cyprian' Aphrodite, whose principal seat of worship was in Paphos in Cyprus. On the island, from Sappho's poem, and the love that warm island, the word came to mean 'prostitute'. It is not only a modest misnomer for an account, not only of the study of language, but of various historical aspects of literary, linguistic and educational theory, philosophy and typography. Murray Cohen, greatly indebted to Ian Michael's encyclopedic account of the history of English grammar, transforms his material in the light of the theories of Michel Foucault, McLuhan, and Marshall McLuhan, with no exactly cognate predecessor, he offers an extensive survey of linguistic thought in past which can best be compared, although different in many respects, with the work of Hans Aarsleff, Stephen Land and James Knowlson.

Cohen sets out to provide a "proper" depth of historical perspective, freed from twentieth-century preconceptions, examining documents of the past not as illustrations of what we expect to find, but as expressions of a world view different from our own. Consequently, he avoids any attempt to trace the history of linguistic concepts as currently formulated, but follows wherever his material leads him, only thus, he

Incidentally, the author's name is A. Bronson Feldman, he has published many books and articles on e.g. Stalin, Freud, *Secrets of Shakespeare* and *How to Write*, and he calls his footnote "hand-notes". Roy T. Matthews's complaint that obscenity has become so much a part of everyday speech that a man doesn't know which way to turn when he wants to explode is not the only piece here which causes one to wonder whether Dr Aman's collaborators are all invariably loyal to him. "My modest plea, then, is for us to coin a new set of obscenities and vulgarisms so that we can get back to the basics that have made our country so strong, so powerful, so much a land to be honoured and imitated."

That one can write clearly about dirt—wisely, wittily, though disturbingly, too—is shown by *Bad Mouth*, the connected essays in more broadly and dropped more promptly in *Maledicta*. The edifying scientific intentions of the obscene, Robert M. Adams observes, "corrupt and simultaneously sanitize" the examples he is studying. "Even when he picks up words like 'shit' and 'fuck' for inspection, he touches them only with gleaming, stainless-steel forceps (represented on the still-salutary page by quotation marks), in a solemn clinical atmosphere, the very reverse of the exceptional

rage and disgust which usually accompany such words." This may account for the factitious sneer of indignation emitted by the editor of *Maledicta*. Mr Adams echoes, more feelingly, the plaint of Roy T. Matthews, for writers for all of us, "it's hard to stay out of the obscenity-sweepstakes, but each new success renders it harder to win". His epigraph from Stendhal on ice cream is nicely nostalgic: "But it isn't forbidden!" For what can you do now when you hit your thumb with a hammer?

Other essays are concerned with the related oversupply of the ugly, the inflation and devaluation of "shock" in the arts; with the arts of political lying; "the new-style political art combines frankness of manner, carried to the point of effrontery with total vagueness about specifics, amounting if possible to an appearance of mental atrophy"; and with the strategies of insult and invective. He cites as a proper student of Trinity College, Dublin: "At the end of this corridor you will find a door marked GENTLEMEN: but don't let that stop you", and Dorothy Parker's retort to a young actress's nattered "Age before beauty" as the latter before swine. "For her, the insult before swine, the insult is the insult for the recipient to take home and think about."

Metalinguistic models

By Vivian Salmon

MURRAY COHEN:

Sensible Words
Linguistic Practice in England 1640-1780
213pp. Johns Hopkins University
Press, distributed by International
Book Export Group, £8.75.

The title of this book does scant justice to the impressive range of its contents. "Sensible" is used (without explanation) with a weightier meaning than it now bears, and "linguistic practice" is a modest misnomer for an account, not only of the study of language, but of various historical aspects of literary, linguistic and educational theory, philosophy and typography. Murray Cohen, greatly indebted to Ian Michael's encyclopedic account of the history of English grammar, transforms his material in the light of the theories of Michel Foucault, McLuhan, and Marshall McLuhan, with no exactly cognate predecessor, he offers an extensive survey of linguistic thought in past which can best be compared, although different in many respects, with the work of Hans Aarsleff, Stephen Land and James Knowlson.

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Ups And Downs

When I contract my belly in
Defy the mirror with a grin
Yet mark the slackness of the skin
The impact hits me on the chin.

Or drifting in the train to town
Pat Ferme Park Up and Ferme Park Down
Although perhaps I act the clown
There's always holly in the crown.

At morning when the dogs of dark
Sit silent, never raise a bark
I wonder, Alexander Park
Praising the Lord, blessed by the lark.

Cliff Ashby

argues, he can discern fundamental differences between apparently similar surface phenomena, such as the views of Scaliger and Wallis on the history of language; and only thus, he claims, can he avoid the superficiality of histories which serve it from "hop, skip and jump" from one prominent name to the next. In the period he examines he distinguishes three epochs: the first (1640-1700) is dominated by a view of linguistic structure as isomorphic to the structure of reality, and therefore by a concern with the relationship of "words and things". The second (1700-1740) begins with an epistemological revolution leading to what Kuhn would call a new "paradigm" in which the structure of language is regarded as reflecting the structure of thought, or the operations of the human mind. An interest in syntax therefore supersedes the earlier preoccupation with literary philosophy. Finally, a third Kuhnian paradigm emerges between 1740 and 1780, when linguists reject any essential link between their subject and philosophy, and turn to its relationship with man in society. What is original in Cohen's detailed discussion and illustration of them, and in particular the manner in which he finds parallels and analogies to them in contemporary literary theory and practice. Each of the three sections contains a discussion of these parallels; and literary critics, however controversial they may find his views, cannot fail to be stimulated by such an unusual approach to their subject.

It is impossible to do justice in a short review to the range of topics covered in this book; among them are punctuation theory, shorthand treatises, practical rhetorics and musical notation, and—most unusual of all—the role played by typographical devices in the evolution of grammatical theory. Unfortunately, breadth of scope is not always compensated by accuracy of detail, and too much to question in the discussion of universal language use is given to the work of C. L. Wren, usually ranked low in the hierarchy of universal language "projectors"—on the grounds that his isolation from the figures in the movement of interest in universal language projects even among contemporary schoolmasters. Cohen adduces as evidence of his isolation the fact that, when he was at St John's College, Oxford, his undergraduate career was by the time that Seth Ward, John Wallis arrived in the city. Yet it was from St John's, Cambridge, that Bock obtained his BA in 1642, at a time when Wallis and Wallis were following members of the university. John Wallis was a "curry" with the discussion of "Theatrum" and "Theatrum" published, and there is at least enough possibility that Bock may have discussed it with Ward, who was at the time of his work as an example of project which developed spontaneously.

Cohen may also be faulted for having failed to acknowledge the influence of set off at the age of thirteen from so Limerick in 1623, determined to make his literary life in London. Handsome and ambitious, he was a classic instance of the "young man from the provinces" described by Lionel Lincoln in *The Liberal Imagination* as "the defining hero". "A provincial birth and learning, the simplicity and highness he began with... He should have learned something about life from books, although not the truth, equipped with poverty, pride and intelligence, the Young Man from the Provinces stands made life and seeks to enter."

The capital, however, did not appreciate his talents, and Griffin was ill-equipped for the inevitable snubs and for the soul-destroying hack-work in which he had to take refuge. Ambitious to reform contemporary theatre, his plays did not succeed, despite the fact that more established emigrés such as Banim, and Griffin's own contacts on the edge of the Keatsian literary circle, He was further handicapped by recurring bouts of illness. A dreary moralistic "novel" was written, but in London he had to write what would today be called "short regional tales, after the style of Maria Edgeworth, whose example suggested a similar move to Turgenyev." Reality, you

The young man of Limerick

By Roy Foster

JOHN CRONIN:
Gerald Griffin, 1803-1840
A Critical Biography
189pp. Cambridge University Press, 1977.

GERALD GRIFFIN:
The Rivals and Tracy's Ambition
Introduction and Glossary by John Cronin
207pp. Publications de l'Université de Lille, 38fr.

On the work of Gerald Griffin he has for a revival? On the surface he hardly seems likely. His immortality, such as it is, has been only indirectly guaranteed by *The Colleen Bawn*, the novel which he wrote based on Griffin's *The Colleen Bawn*, and even this is increasingly approached in the spirit of parody, and will only be remembered for applying Flann O'Brien with his most famous name de plume. The idea of some future revival of Griffin's work at the University of Limerick, however, have followed a recent edition of John Banim by Griffin. One will interest only the most earnest analysts of the mediocre, while the other is a worthwhile rediscovery. And John Cronin has produced a critical biography which makes one approach Griffin's work with renewed interest, if only because his life and writing can be seen to illustrate ambivalences and incapacities which have recurred in Irish fiction ever since.

Dr Cronin's project must have raised some difficulties, for what evidence Griffin left behind him has been well plumed. There is an engaging if artless biography written by the biographer, and a study by Ethel Mannin; and some perceptive commentary in Thomas Mann's *The Irish Novelists 1800-1850*. This, plus a scattering of short articles by varied writers, has given the exiguous material regarding Griffin's life a fairly thorough treatment. Dr Cronin, however, has devoted himself chiefly to the work rather than the life; he has done valuable research in the periodical literature of the nineteenth century, unearthing some pieces previously attributed to Griffin. He has also made a lucky find in the Christy Brothers' archives. Dr Cronin follows the critical movement that rejects Daniel Corkery's patriotic racialist critique of certain writers (Edgeworth, Lever) as unwarranted, existing "by English suffrage", and others (Griffin, Colton) nobly living on "by Irish suffrage". He has produced a portrait worth painting, even if many of its lineaments were already familiar.

Griffin's life-story was in many ways emblematic. Touchy and wanted, he set off at the age of thirteen from so Limerick in 1823, determined to make his literary life in London. Handsome and ambitious, he was a classic instance of the "young man from the provinces" described by Lionel Lincoln in *The Liberal Imagination* as "the defining hero". "A provincial birth and learning, the simplicity and highness he began with... He should have learned something about life from books, although not the truth, equipped with poverty, pride and intelligence, the Young Man from the Provinces stands made life and seeks to enter."

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know", he wrote knowledgeably in his brother, "is all the rage now."

From these he progressed to *The Colleen Bawn*, his most noteworthy novel; it was followed shortly by those now reprinted at Limerick. But by the time they appeared Griffin had fled back to Limerick. He made occasional forays into Dublin's literary world, where he revelled in doctored entertainments and mild gossip before returning to the provinces to agonize about his "luxuriousness and sensuality". After a few more scrappy pieces of work, and a romantic but unconsummated attachment to a happily married Quaker lady some years older than himself, he wrote his manuscripts in a frenzy and entered the Christian Brothers teaching order. After a few years he died of typhus, at the age of thirty-six.

It was an unsatisfying life and, except for *The Collegians* (which remained until recently a staple of Irish country bookcases), an unremarkable literary achievement. Dr Cronin would not agree with this judgment, but a careful re-examination of Griffin's work makes it hard to decide otherwise. Much of his writing is marred by his own insecurity, his alternate admiration for high literary society and his violent denunciation of corrupting influences. His over-idealization of safely unattainable epitomes of womanhood.

On the other hand, he had a strong notion of the developing Irish cultural identity; and, as the son of a commercial country Catholic, he had a keen eye for the pretensions of Irish middlemen and half-mountain gentry (an effective early story is called "The Half-Sir"). And the ambitious, enterprising, romantic side of his own character is well reflected in creations like Hardacre, organ, the flawed hero of *The Collegians*, who secretly marries a peasant beauty and then passively connives at her murder. Such characters were generally balanced by a pious and decent friend; it was a constant theme of Griffin's life, a life of the unbalanced qualities of the protagonist. In this as in much else, life conspired to let the young man from the provinces down.

The novels now reissued reflect much that is generally true for Griffin's unfulfilled life and unsatisfying work. Even the introduction to *The Rivals* manages to elevate the blameless life of the country and "nature" above the meretricious temptations of the city; and it includes a long piece on the sexual continence, which deserves more attention than Dr Cronin's accompanying study gives it.)

The story that follows involves love, patriotism, a villain maddened by desire, the raising of the dead from the dead, and various religious dialogues. It is made less tiresome than otherwise by odd scenes of acutely observed Irish village life; a rollicking hedge-latin class is a deservedly celebrated set-piece, and an episode at the assizes provides another valuable insight on the Ireland of the 1820s. More potentially interesting than either is the development whereby the hero violates his dead fiancée's coffin and unites with her corpse by his embraces; but this is to approach the novel in another context.

Throughout, an added dimension is provided by the oblique descriptions of muffled uprisings among the peasantry, the appearance of army men jinking in the woods bordering the gentry's demesnes, the secret societies whose members recognize each other at fairs and festivals. This alternative world also appears in Griffin's *Tracy's Ambition*, a far more effective story concerning a "half-sir" who destroys his own family's happiness through his anxiety to graduate to the magistracy's bench. The first person narrator recalls Maria Edgeworth's Thady Quirk, who probably had a hand in his development.

Again, images of class war form the background; again, the noises off are those of weaponry and skirmishes. A long discussion takes place about the refinement of violence; what type of death is best for clubbing a man to death? As in *The Rivals*, there is another dark

dimension in the references to occult and superstitious survivals among the peasantry. There is a splendid evocation of Limerick fair, complete with the prostitutes whose existence in Ireland was denied by the outraged five-nights at *The Plough* and *The Stars* a hundred years later.

The minor themes of *Tracy's Ambition* are of consuming interest, though much in it is as cumbersome as Griffin's other work. It is significant that he wrote *The Collegians*, a better book than either of these, against the clock, handing the sheets direct to the printer's boy: there was no opportunity for the exercise of the moralizing scrupulousness which made Griffin exclaim to his brother that it could not be right to "kindle in one's own breast all the passions" of his characters, good and bad. Once possessed by this belief, the bonfire of vanities and the flight to the Christian Brothers provided the only logical refuge.

Dr Cronin, despite his dedicated researches, cannot add much to the rule of Griffin's life; but his short critical study provides some interesting extrapolations from the work. He sees Griffin's path as an alternative to that taken by Joyce a century later. (Appropriately enough, there are some high-handed side-swipes at Griffin in *Finnegans Wake*, not indicated here.) There is a good deal of clarity and imagination

in this study, and it is a pity that it generally omits for a rigorously subdivided structure, examining the works section under strictly separate sub-headings; for there are some patterns which are thus missed. Dr Cronin gives a good picture of Griffin as an alienated provincial attempting to function on the stages of metropolitan literary culture, and belatedly finding his niche in reflecting instead that odd mixture of violence, snobbery and poetry which characterized the rural Ireland of his day and later.

But, though he emphasizes Griffin's visit with his brother to Thomas Moore, there is less consideration than we might expect of Moore's reaction to the claims O'Connellism had attempted to make on him; claims transmitted by Griffin's brother, and skillfully exploited by Moore (Nationalism did not mean that Griffin had already criticized Moore in *Tracy's Ambition* for refusing to write national songs). The important continuities between what Griffin felt Irish literature should do, and what the Young Ireland movement did, are too interesting not to deserve a mention; Thomas Davis consciously responded to Griffin's call for a literature celebrating Ireland's history. (Griffin's own attempt, though, to carry out this call, and whose "suffrage" this lives by, the disapproving shade of Daniel Corkery could attempt to decide.

His own furious rejection

of London literary life, and the periodic temptations it continued to offer him, should not be forgotten here; of such rejections is literary nationalism made.

Connections like this are, possibly, too obvious to need to be stressed again. But perhaps a general view of Griffin's idiosyncratic output might integrate him into more obscure patterns of Irish life and art as well. In a letter quoted by Ethel Mannin, Griffin wrote of his own work: "I exist in the slaughter of handsome young ladies." The image of the necrophiliac resurrection of Esther in *The Rivals* recurs, reminding one of the alternative strain of Irish romance begun in 1820 when Marston's phenomenal *Melmoth the Wanderer*. The Reverend Mannin, while rating no mention in works like, for example, Stephen Gwynn's *History of Irish Literature in the English Language*, was an Irishman no less afflicted than Griffin by neuroses of persecution and bouts of depression. He created a protagonist who, unlike Griffin, remained sane, and whose knowledge and worldly experience inspired the pseudonyms of Oscar Wilde and Humbert Humbert (sexual outlaws both), and stands in direct line of ancestry to Bram Stoker's *Dracula*—which is a creation that has never been put where it belongs, at the summation of the Irish Protestant Gothic achievement. Perhaps Griffin's contribution might be related to this blacker tributary of the Irish literary stream. And whose "suffrage" this lives by, the disapproving shade of Daniel Corkery could attempt to decide.

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Connections like this are, possibly, too obvious to need to be stressed again. But perhaps a general view of Griffin's idiosyncratic output might integrate him into more obscure patterns of Irish life and art as well. In a letter quoted by Ethel Mannin, Griffin wrote of his own work: "I exist in the slaughter of handsome young ladies." The image of the necrophiliac resurrection of Esther in *The Rivals* recurs, reminding one of the alternative strain of Irish romance begun in 1820 when Marston's phenomenal *Melmoth the Wanderer*. The Reverend Mannin, while rating no mention in works like, for example, Stephen Gwynn's *History of Irish Literature in the English Language*, was an Irishman no less afflicted than Griffin by neuroses of persecution and bouts of depression. He created a protagonist who, unlike Griffin, remained sane, and whose knowledge and worldly experience inspired the pseudonyms of Oscar Wilde and Humbert Humbert (sexual outlaws both), and stands in direct line of ancestry to Bram Stoker's *Dracula*—which is a creation that has never been put where it belongs, at the summation of the Irish Protestant Gothic achievement. Perhaps Griffin's contribution might be related to this blacker tributary of the Irish literary stream. And whose "suffrage" this lives by, the disapproving shade of Daniel Corkery could attempt to decide.

His own furious rejection

of London literary life, and the periodic temptations it continued to offer him, should not be forgotten here

Combat stations

By Maurice Richardson

DAVID CHOW and RICHARD SPANDLER:
Kung Fu
History, Philosophy and Technique
240pp. David and Charles. £6.50.

I don't know whether the authors of this curious mélange of Californian chinoiserie have read Joseph Needham's warning against "making the ambiguities of Lao Tzu serve one's own purpose"; if they have, they most certainly haven't taken it to heart. The particular blend of wrestling and boxing known as Kung Fu belongs almost as much to show business as to athletics. In order to make it extra attractive in Western eyes they have fitted it with a powerful magical aura. They give the reader, whom you might suppose to be one of those problem-laden American adolescents, the kind of violently alternating treatment used by animal trainers, administering now a dose of self-evident common sense on the virtues of discipline and training, now a glimpse of supernatural joys in store when he has learned to walk up the wall and overcome enemies at a distance.

There seems no doubt that most forms of Chinese and Japanese hand-to-hand combat, and the martial arts in general, have been influenced by the Taoist quietest principle of making use of your adversary's aggressive energy to bring about his downfall. In boxing, it may lead to the strategy of counter-punching. A fight between two counter-punchers, unlikely to please the crowd. In the unlikely event of a contest between two equally highly skilled jiu-jitsu champions tussling at each other's sleeves may look like a spat between two fashion models. There is a legend that early forms of jiu-jitsu, and hence, were developed by Buddhist monks, as the most violent and most effective protection against being mugged.

Our authors, after a good deal of introductory muttering about Taoism and the Yang and the Yin, have no hesitation in fathering a fairly full-fledged Kung Fu technique on Buddhism, the entirely reflexive, according to Arthur, the legendary Indian founder of Zen Buddhism, now, no doubt, a name to conjure with in Californian mystical circles. They give no very convincing reasons. The show-business element in Kung Fu is in fact traditional and part of the traditional part comes from the Chinese ballets, among them the Monkey King saga. The modern films, the Chinese thriller films, the jiu-jitsu Westerns made in Hong Kong by Run Run Shaw, and from the success of the late Bruce Lee, first in the Green Hornet series, on American TV. I remain sceptical, however, about the efficacy of his so-called punch. Then, on February 22, 1978, came the great Kung Fu film series.

Since then, Kung Fu has become a major industry with a special department at Warner Brothers to cater for the fans' demand for instruction. As there are said to be more than 300 distinct different styles of Kung Fu, among them one based on the pecking habits of the White Crane, a certain amount of confusion in the interpretation is probably inevitable. There are various photographic sequences with David Chow, demonstrating Kung Fu, and Richard Spandler, demonstrating Tai Chi. The authors comment that "the Chinese have been lost in Western eyes". There are also pictures of Chinese with "ripping" exercises, banging their fists against walls, performing feats such as "copping bricks in half and hammering nails with their foreheads. Among them are some very spry-looking octogenarians.

There has been a certain amount of joking, notably by Kung Fu film director Jerry Thorpe, over the morally uplifting aspects of Kung Fu for American youth in these troublous times. When we come to the section "The Dynamics of Kung Fu" we are told about methods "some of which have never been described before in English", taken from "The Treasured Secret Book, an ancient text written by an obscure monk scribe, Wu Toy San

Ling Qung". Some of these hold out the promise of powerful secret weapons. They are mostly examples of sympathetic magic, like those described by Frazer in *The Golden Bough*.

"Red Sand Palm", we are told, "is one of the most astounding of the Yin Kung or negative elements. Without touching an assailant's body, the adept makes signs of rubbing or striking at him with the palm of one's hand from a distance, and the receiver will be injured. The wound will cause irreparable damage. Death usually follows in ten to fifteen days". The technique involves a lot of hand-rubbing, first in said then in iron balls. However, concluded our authors, "it is believed that this Negative Kung is so rare that no one in modern history has mastered it, although there are a few who continue to try".

In One Finger Kung, after two or three years of focused training, poking a bell with the right forefinger, the bell will give way when

In Western eyes

By Francis King

JEAN-PIERRE LEIMANN:
The Image of Japan
From Feudal Isolation to World Power 1850-1905
208pp. Allen and Unwin. £7.50.

As Japan was painfully drawn, like some impacted wisdom-tooth, out of the isolation of the Pax Tokugawa, and then began to establish herself as a world power, the tumultuous, traumatic and often bewildering events that accompanied that process were reflected, as in a gallery of distorting mirrors, by reports in such publications as *The Times* and the *Edinburgh Review*, by the reminiscences of such travellers as Pierre Loti and Rudyard Kipling, and by the encyclopaedic work of such "old Japan hands" as Basil Hall Chamberlain and Rutherford Alcock. It is these conflicting events themselves, that Jean-Pierre Leimann records in a book so succinct that its price seems rather steep.

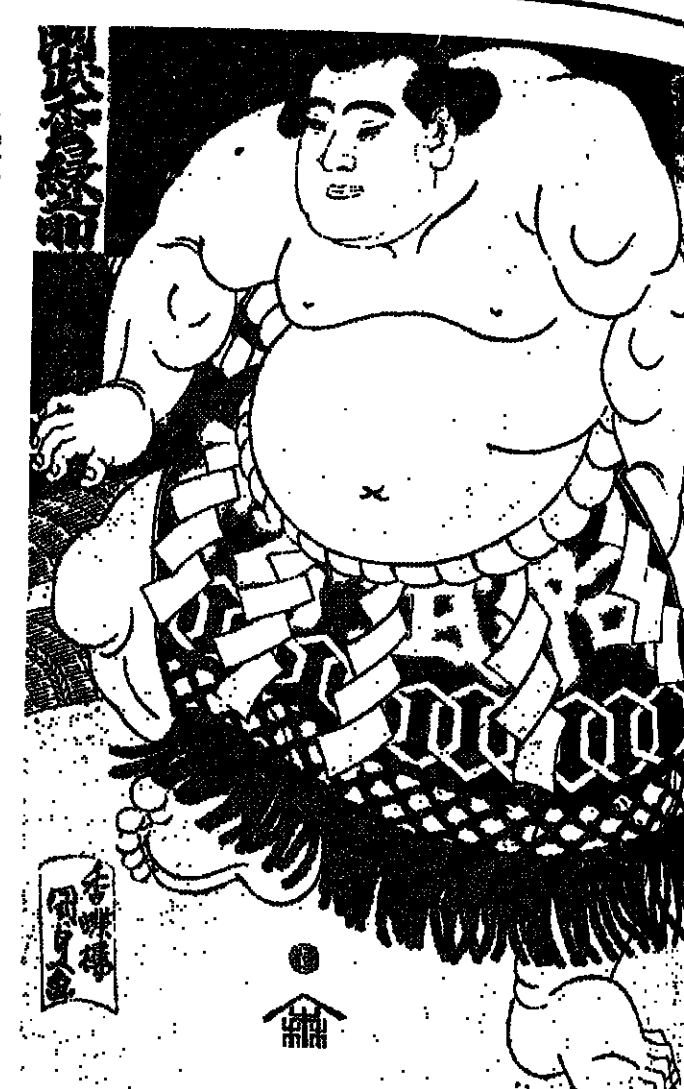
He has produced what is, in effect, an anthology of Western conceptions about Japan during a period of fifty-five years (1850-1905); and what is most striking is that, if so many authorities disagree about the country then, they not merely still fail to agree about it now but they disagree in much the same manner. There was, for example, then as now, the basic question of whether Japan benefited from its enforced emergence from isolation or not. I have always taken the no doubt, the romantic view that, on balance, it did not do so. In that view, I knew that I had the support of Lafcadio Hearn, who is here quoted as declaring "through contact with Europeans... [the Japanese] lost their natural politeness, their native morals—even their capacity for simple happiness". But until I read Mr Leimann's book I had not realized that Kipling and Louis Couperus, two of the greatest writers of fiction of our times, were of the same opinion. Kipling castigated "this yawning in unvoluntary... [the Japanese]... Couperus commented that "Oriental refinement has been lost in Western eyes".

Again, the Western attitude to Japanese women at that period shows the same divergence of view. This can best be summed up by the comparison made by the *Madame de Sévigné* and Loti's *Madame Butterfly*. Chamberlain, taken round the Glover House, with its superb views of harbour and recital of the whole pathetic Butterfly story as told by Belasco. But it was not here that Loti lived; and in any case, in Loti's book, the last that we see of the Japanese brought mating ceremonial suitors, but far more sensibly, considering the proceeds from her sale to the Calcutta foreigner. The same extremes of

poked sharply from ten feet away. Later, a candle flame can be poked out from a distance, and later still an opponent can be injured or destroyed. Kung Kung is a method of making the body as weightless as a cloud. It can be combined with Speed Running or Night Walking Skill, if the exercises to promote cuts-eye vision are practised correctly. There is also Wall Climbing. Should you seriously wish to practice (because that is the only way a student will ever accomplish it—with extremely serious dedication)—begin by lying on your back. For those likely to frequent dangerous social milieux, Tsien Ying Kung is recommended—quite seriously, it seems—a method of withdrawing the testicles from the sacrum to the interior of the abdomen, where they will be safe "from outside attack".

The whole subject is fascinating in the extreme, and it is a great pity that a more serious and sensible book could not have been written about it.

The need for nō



Portrait of the sumo wrestler Abumatsu Rokumitsu by Kinkido, one of the reproductions in a new Phaidon giant paperback, *Japanese Prints*, by Richard Illing. (65 illustrations, 33 in color £4.95).

The need for nō

By Earl Milner

RICHARD TAYLOR:
The Drama of W. B. Yeats: Irish Myth and the Japanese No
260pp. Yale University Press. £8.

The world has yet to agree on Yeats's plays. Richard Taylor in *The Drama of W. B. Yeats* quotes Synge's dismissal of the early ones:

"no drama can grow out of anything other than the fundamental realities of life which are never fantastic, are neither modern nor unmodern and, as I see them, rarely spring-daisy, or breezy, or Cuchulaind."

From "no drama" to "no drama" accounts for the shift in Yeats's attitude, although he never left behind Cuchulaind, the "Irish Myth" of Mr Taylor's subtitle.

If the later plays are childish, the cult is international. Last October 3 in Tokyo a theatre was jammed with people, including the Crown Princess, for a performance of *The Hawk's Well* and Irish music. The actors were genuine professionals, and the translation was a skilled new one by Yasunari Kishida.

This first of Yeats's "No plays" as he called them for a time, keeps getting performed. Like some of the others, its title goes beautifully into Japanese, although that hardly explains the Western interest in what most of us think a play too closely bound up with the Fenellosa-Pound-Yeats conception of nō. Much better was to come.

An issue often raised concerns Yeats's or Pound's understanding of nō. The answer is that they did not understand it very well, but they were not for their purposes. They were not in search of a fluent but confirmation. Pound understood critical nō, but only in the Victorian and the unity of a seemingly disjointed modern epic. Yeats wanted authority for a symbolic and poetic Irish drama. As Frank Kermode made clear in *Romantic Image* years ago, the need existed for some time—half for art and half as slogan.

When he wrote his introduction to *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* (1916), he commented on the nō convention of opening with a tra-

veller. This quotation (not used by Mr Taylor) poses the whole problem of what nō meant to Yeats. "The man who created this convention was more like a poet than Shakespeare and Camille. Their emotion was self-conscious and reminiscent, always suggesting itself with pictures or poems."

"Reminiscence" is the significant word for Yeats—and for all Yeats is the more important Pound's "single image". Recognition is what Brecht found the element that justified his ruling on stage "arbitrary and arbitrary". Although certainly not a dramatic, nō is the most natural drama. Its stage presents the past, and the representation of the past requires theatrical art. This quality made the nō more like a "drama" than a "play". Mr Taylor's subtitle, that is in his desire to show a modern drama at once aristocratic and rooted in the beliefs of the Irish people. Like nō, he would act out traditional stories.

Mr Taylor's first chapter, on those early or Cuchulaind plays, is very fine. His second, on *Fenellosa*, Pound and other "agents of transmission". The third, on nō, suffers from lack of acquaintance with *Japanese Drama*, which means "nō" and the dialogue section of *Japanese Drama*, which means "nō" and the dialogue section of *Japanese Drama*.

The important last two chapters leave something to be desired. Their narrative and evaluation, the informed reader will end up confused over which plays are nō and which are not. Many readers will be bewildered by the argument that the nō plays are not nō, but begin harshly and end in a nō play. I am at a loss to see how Mr Taylor's low opinion of them.

The reader is best served by the Irish material of this book and by his lack of nonsense. It will not be the world to agree on Yeats's plays; but then an assessment of them can only be a personal one. It must be agreed that the subject, the author, and the reader are ill-served by this book's typography.

LITERATURE

The illness of insolubility

By Rosemary Dinnage

FRANZ KAFKA:
Letters to Friends, Family and Editors
Translated by Richard and Clara Winston
50pp. John Calder. £19.50.

In his way Kafka was the soul of consistency. Whatever he asserted, whatever he felt, denied or admitted; this punctilious ritual, originating without doubt in great pain, was carried out so faithfully that he eventually became almost as a skilled headwaiter who carry out a servile routine with a wrinkle in his eye. So it is entirely right that, letter-writing being his chosen form of communication with people, he should express distrust of it: letters, he says here, are "like splashing by the shore by two who are separated by an ocean"; and "I do not trust words and letters, my heart with people but not with words". The celebrations of writing, his secret exultations, were kept for his diary.

Occasionally, though, he let them be glimpsed elsewhere. The first paragraph in this book are an inscription in a girl's album: "Words are clumsy. . . But there is still a mindfulness that has passed like a stroking hand, over everything memorable. . . In such wise, undemanding pages as these I wrote on September 4, 1900." The last entries are the slips he scribbled from his deathbed, when he was too ill to speak: "Show me the columbine; too bright to stand with the others." In earlier years Venice Riva Desenzano also alone Nordsee Heilgoland and St. Ignace.

"When I read 'What is the quiet for a while I'm glad.' I have come a long way from the day in the tavern garden when we . . . 'Fear and fear again.' Between the first and last pages, respectively, never could the reader have less sense that written words are clumsy, that he is separated from the writer by an ocean."

The letters here, the *Diets* of 1904, are now translated for the first time, and with explanatory notes, they reflect pretty faithfully the course of Kafka's life, in which his struggle to write and to recognize the living with writing; ending in apparent defeat with his early death. Absent, of course, are the letters to Felice Bauer and the letters to his sister Ottava.

So, attentive all the time to the silent screaming, his apprenticeship to the almost clownish ritual of self-counteraction. "I write differently from what I speak. I speak differently from what I think. I think differently from what I ought to think, and so it all proceeds in a deeper mess." A possible solution? "I shall simply shoot myself away from the place I am not." And in answer to a questionnaire about his health sent by Brod, he fills in his weight, "agents of transmission", and, against *Signatures*, writes: "The only question I am at a loss to answer."

So he writes himself into existence by writing himself away, destroying the place where he isn't: avenging himself, perhaps, for the pain of his father's contempt by obsequiously parodying it. Nor is he in the least unaware of the purposes and value of his self-denigration. It is a technique as well as a wound.

My self-denigration has two aspects. On the one hand there is truth in it and as such it would make me happy if I could take the repulsive little story out of [his publisher's] desk drawer, and wipe it out of his memory. His letter makes me weep. But then the self-denigration is also inevitably a strategy; which, for example, makes it impossible for Wolf to agree with it. . . .

And while Brod's self-approach is a philosophical whim, mine about myself is no ordinary bad opinion. Rather, my only goodness is to be found in this option. After properly establishing its bounding in the course of my life it is the one thing I must never, never doubt. It introduces order into the. Since I immediately go to

working. While I am burning up, suddenly I have nothing but a few beams, if I didn't prop them up with my head, they would collapse and the whole would catch fire. Have I complained? I am not complaining. My appearance complains. And I realize what is vocalised to me.

While the Police letters are all symptoms, all whimpers and screams—whimpers about pain, screams that he should be understood, as though only the Kafka that never ceased reproaching himself about happiness, "felicities", were speaking—the letters to Brod are diagnostic. Three distinct personae are involved: two who are locked in combat, one of them learning and coupling blood as the other delivers the stab to the lung, and a third who watches and describes, "props things up with his head".

This third can see how a race can be lost from the very beginning.

Every participant feels sure he will be the winner, and given life's richness, this should be possible. Why does it not happen that way, even though everyone apparently does have that belief? Because the lack of faith is not expressed in the belief but only in the method of running that is used. It is as if someone were firmly convinced that he would win, but he would do so only if he broke out of the course at the first hurdle and never returned. To the referee it is clear that the man will not win, at least not on this plane, and it must be enormously instructive to watch how the man, right from the start, devotes his efforts to breaking out, and all this in dead earnest.

And he can watch the way any fight himself can split into an even fragment and take up battle on its own.

Everything I possess is directed against me; what is directed against me is no longer a possession of mine. If, for example, this is purely an example—if my stomach is not my stomach, but really my stomach but something that is basically indistinguishable from a stranger who has taken it into his head to club me. But that is so with everything. I am nothing but a mass of spikes holding through me. If I try to defend myself and use force, the spikes only press in the deeper.

At another time the fragment can become the victim: "I have that pressure in my stomach, as if the stomach were a person and wanted to cry."

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pieces in the face of the unimaginable, it gives me a certain calm. We might call this typical Kafka tone black irony (Brod has reported that at Kafka's reading of the opening of *The Trial* his friends rocked with laughter).

If there is, somewhere in all this obfuscation, a central point of solubility, a "castle keep" such as he ascribes to Brod, it is Kafka's dearest project to keep it hidden, safe for his writing and his very existence. If he refers to it at all, it is well concealed in conjurer's patterns. "I realize what is vocalised to me." "The man will not win, at least not on this plane." Only in one letter, reproaching Brod (who has obviously repeated the cliché that Kafka enjoys being unhappy), he drops the game and claims: "I have met with both happiness and unhappiness in full measure"—honestly distinguishing the two. (Certainly, he uses his pain: to attack, to preserve himself, and as a base for his writing, since it is quite simply, his given material, dealt out to him, but enjoying it implies a smugness foreign to him.)

Such a specific acknowledgment of freedom or happiness is rare. Usually, throughout the letters—and his other writings, and his life—what we observe is Kafka's overriding concern to keep the minute, hidden centre of hope and creativity in him safe from observation: to keep a "skin" round it, trying to hold the whole world at just the right distance from it, neither dreadfully impinging, nor just as dreadfully withdrawing too far so that he is a void. It was, as he says, an impossibility—

no one's task was as difficult, so far as I know. One might say that it is not a task at all, nor even an impossible one, it is not even impossibility itself, it is nothing but a void. It was, as he says, an impossibility—

and the long, desolate relationship with Felice Bauer was the day-to-day living-out of the dilemma, which was bound to present itself sooner or later. She was always for him, too close, too far, apparently crushing him or abandoning him: coexistence as two separate people at the right distance from each other was the impossibility. On God, he wrote to her, "I wish you were not on this earth but entirely within me; I feel there is one too many of us; the separation into two people is unbearable."

Letter-writing—a part of his choice to live chiefly through written words—is one essential tactic in the attempt to balance the inside and the outside world, here and there, the suffocating presence and desolating absence. Letter-writing enabled him to position himself—only in the early months of the Felice correspondence did he even do this triumphantly well—at just the right distance from the source of goodness, so that he could communicate and create (as Rilke, who chose the same preferred method of communication, wrote that he wanted to lodge his aloneness with someone, place it in their protection). As usual, Kafka understood this well; he writes to Brod, "If I stayed here, I would be completely lonely. . . . and I have a nodding acquaintance with the terrors of loneliness. . . . But what is it about loneliness? Fundamentally, loneliness is my sole aim, my greatest temptation; my opportunity, and assuming it can be said that I have 'arranged' my life, I was always with the view that I was alone can comfortably fit into it. And in spite of this, this fear of what I love so much. . . . It is significant that I feel so good in empty apartments, but not in those that are entirely empty. Like them when they are full of memories of people and stand in readiness for further living—apartments with furnished marital bedrooms, children's rooms, kitchens, apartments where the morning mail comes through the

letter slot, addressed to others, where someone else's newspaper is thrust into the door. Only the real tenant must never show his face, as recently happened to me, for then I am deeply disturbed."

But it was impossible, usually, to find the perfect position, the friendly encircled space in the metaphorical empty apartment, with the faint warmth from used possessions, the punctual, anonymous visits of postman and newspaper-boy, the safe emptiness; but through the letters we glimpse Kafka's perpetual search for it—until in the end it narrowed down to the hospital bed, with his two friends always beside him. Up to then there is perpetual alternation between a sense of being trapped inside, and of being shut out. In *The Trial*, outwards impinges on K, until it destroys him, in *The Castle* he tries to impinge on it, and he is taken into it; one is about trying to get out, the other about trying to get in.

An aspect of Kafka's dread of impingement from the outside world is his horror of noise, a horror which in these letters, wherever he moves to there is certain to be a dog barking or a clock ticking or "the only piano in northwest Bohemia" being played next door. When he moves, as his tuberculosis advances, to live with his sister in a country village, the children choose his window to play under. And there is the great affair of the mice, arriving suddenly in swarms in his room one night. The cat (which he hates) has to be brought in; she dirties the room; a tray of apples has to be brought in as well; then a super-monster is ordered. . . . Though he makes a comic disaster of the affair, it may have impressed him enough to be the inspiration for *The Burrow*, written a few years later.

Kafka expresses envy of Mahler's "composing habit." In the words (but "had I been Mahler, the habit would perhaps have disturbed me"), Franz's solution was to wrap himself in cotton wool and his room in cork, yet Kafka never really wrote in his room, but in himself. He still turned towards people at whatever cost, and writes of his dread of becoming like his dried-up bachelor uncle. He always—paradoxically as usual—thought of marriage and founding a family as being the test of success in life.

But the claustrophobia of his own family setting emerges from some long, impassioned letters written to a friend who asked advice about sending his ten-year-old son to a boarding school. Families breathe "oppressive, poisonous, child-consuming air"; within them

there is room only for certain kinds of people who conform to certain kinds of requirements and moreover have to meet the deadlines dictated by the parents. If they do not conform they are accursed or consumed or both.

THE STATE OF FICTION A SYMPOSIUM

with contributions from A. Alvarez, Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, Martin Amis, Paul Bailey, J. G. Ballard, A. L. Barker, Stan Barstow, David Bonadicks, Malcolm Bradbury, Melvyn Bragg, John Braine, Christine Brooke-Rose, Jeremy Brooks, Bridget Brophy, A. S. Byatt, Angela Carter, Isabel Colegate, William Cooper, Robert Coover, Elaine Feinstein, Eva Figgis, Nicolas Freeling, Giles Gordon, Patricia Highsmith, Michael Holroyd, Dan Jacobson, Diane Johnson, Jonathan Johnston, Gabriel Josipovici, Maryn Jones, Francis King, David Lodge, Ian McEwan, Olivia Manning, Stanley Middleton, Brian Moore, Helen Muir, Edna O'Brien, Julia O'Faolain, David Plante, Barbara Pym, Frederic Raphael, Piers Paul Road, Alan Ross, Alan Sillitoe, Julian Symonds, Emma Tennant, Paul Theroux, Anthony Thwaite, William Trevor, Peter Vansittart, Auberon Waugh, Raymond Williams, Angus Wilson, A. N. Wilson.

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Victorian Voices

By Anthony Thwaite

At Marychurch, 1857

Here at the bench in front of me, the flasks
Ripple and throb with all the simulacra
Providence has provided: the various tasks
Assigned to each and all by their Creator
Perform and are performed. Forests of spines,
Vitals enclosed in hollow boxes, shells
Built of a thousand pieces, glide along
Majestically over rock and reef.
Yonder a Medusa goes, pumping its sluggish way
Laboriously, not ineffectually,
Beneath the surface of the clear wave;
A mass of Millevore, a honeycomb
Much like the second stomach of an Ox,
Slimes, re-appears, retires, appears once more;
And there, that massive shrub of stone, the coy
Calcareous atoms of the Madrepora,
Short branches, branched and branched again, pierced through
With holes innumerable, threaded with tentacles.
Ha! here is the little architect
Ready to answer for himself; he thrusts his head
And shoulders from his chimney-top, and shouts
His cognomen of Melicorin ringens.
Look! he is in the very act of building
Now. Did you see him suddenly
Bow down his head and lay a brick upon
The top of the last course? And now again
He builds another brick: his mould a tiny cup
Below his chin, his sole material
The floating floccose atoms of his refuse. So
Prochronically pellets build to bricks,
Eggs from their chambers, sharks from embryos,
The hollow cones that are the present teeth
Of crocodiles, the tusks of elephants
Refined through layer after layer until
Centuries are accomplished year by year—
And then, after the pulpy fibrous doors
Knocked on in the vegetable world,
The lower tribes, the higher forms—then Man,
Our first progenitor, the primal Head.
What shall we say, who are chyle and lymph,
Blood, lungs, nails, hair, bones, teeth, phenomena
In the condition of the skeleton
Distinct, the navel corrugated here...?
I ask you this: could God have made these plants,
These animals, this creature that is Man,
Without these retrospective marks? I tell you, No!
A Tree-form without scars limned on its trunk!
A Palm without leaf-bases! Or a Bean
Without a hilum! No lamine
Upon the Tortoise plates! A Carp without
Concentric lines on scales! A Bird that lacks
Feathers! A Mammal without hairs,
Or claws, or teeth, or bones, or blood! A Foetus
With no placenta! In vain, in vain,
These pages, and these ages, if you admit
Such possibilities. That God came down
And made each each, and separately, and whole,
Is manifest in these. Let us suppose
That this now present year had been the special
Particular epoch in world history
God had selected as the true beginning,
At his behest, his fiat—but condition,
Condition at this moment? What is now existent
Would now appear, precisely as it does.
There would be cities filled with swarms of men;
Houses half-built; castles in ruins; pictures
On artists' easels just sketched in; half-worn
Garments in wardrobes; ships upon the sea;
Marks of birds' fastenings on the mud; the sands
Whitening with skeletons; and human bodies
In burial grounds in stages of decay.
These, and all else, the past, would be found now
Because they are found in the world now, the present age,
Inseparable from the irruption, the one moment
Chosen, the constitution, the condition,
Because they make it what it is.

Ripple and throb, I am tired. And miles away
I know who sits and writes and tests and proves
Quite other things and other words. I fix
My microscope on Cuse-fly and on Julius.
The field left clear and undisputed for
The single witness on this other side,
Whose testimony lies before me now:
'In Six Days God Made Heaven and Earth, the Sea,
And All That In Them Is.' Amen. Amen.

Philip Henry Gosse: *Omphalos*, 1857.

Charles Darwin: *The Origin of Species*, 1859.

A Literary Life

(J.C.C.)

I tried to open up so many eyes
To the great minds of all humanity.

I thought he liked me, thought I knew him well,
Twin strugglers through the London labyrinth,
Scrappers who learnt the scribbling trade with care—
Though he was never 'Varsity, of course'.
How he arrived is something he keeps dark.
Well, Third in Muds, Second in Law and History,
Is all I have to boast of, but it was
Balfour, with Lang and Mallock, Nettleship,
Prothero, Milner, Ramsay, Asquith, Cluer...
And then my disinherited (that uncle and his schemes
Of 'business', and my Battels and my cheques—
And mischief in the breach, and no more cheques)—
Well, 'coaching' might have managed, scraps of Greek
Shoved down the throats of nimble nincompoops;
But on that day I strayed into St Giles,
Facing the lecturer, opening up the book.
Putting my finger without looking there.
Those words (Acts Nine, Verse Six): 'Arise and go
Into the city, and it shall be told thee
What thou must do'. Nothing in view, alone,
Without inheritance, and penniless,
I came to London.

December Seventy-two—

The 'turnover', my own, a cause
Of thoughts on 'End of Term'—oh guineas earned
Deliriously, scribbling eight hours a day
Fust and musty in a dear old garret
Off Temple Bar, addressing envelopes
For half a crown per thousand for the Globe.
Letters from Swinburne about Tournour 'C' if you should
Run up here sometime map I have the pleasure
Of seeing you in these rooms... (the very words!)
Oh, I aimed high, and higher, up and up—
With Leslie Stephen in the Cornhill, Smith
Taking my 'Dryden' for the Quarterly,
And work, and work, and work... I must jot down this:
That evening, out at Putney, A.C.S.
Invited me to hear him read his new
Volume of poems. Dobson, O'Shaughnessy, Watts,
William Rossetti, Marston—The Pines was full
Of singing birds, and I among them all.
What bliss to see them, hear them, watch the frat
Outlandish Swinburne leap and shriek and moan
Immortal verses! But it could not last.
Another year or so, and we fell out.

Misunderstandings seem my meat and drink.

Extension Lectures down at Brixton, Richmond
(Frequently honoured by the Princess Mary,
Later to be our Queen, Duchess of Teck,
And other nobles), Hackney (in Lent
Of Ninety-nine, 'The Poetry of Browning'),
Anerley, Ascot, Batham, Battersea,
Crouch End and Cheshunt, Highbury and Lee—
An interview with Browning, one with Pound,
And then, and then—the Chair at Birmingham...

But nothing quite right yet: others made way,
Climbed ladders, set their mark, were darlings all
Of quarters and salons and the most
Important collages—such as my long-time friend,
Or so I thought him, one-time, some-time friend
Who gave those Cambridge lectures—tall and sleek
And full of names dropped, fudge upon the page,
And errors, errors, errors by the ton.
To say so in the Quarterly Review
Was—surely?—a good office, what a straight
Purposive fellow ought to say, in truth:
No personal attack, simply a book
(All pasted up for lectures) which was gross
With slovenly facts, deplorable and low...
But that I said so—this was beyond the pale.
Though I had done it, I think, to my point:
I think they did... The truth is hard to find.
What lodges in my skull is that five phrase
They say the Laureate uttered to my friend
(My one-time friend)—'You want to hear my view
Of that man J.C.C.? I tell you this—
A house upon the locks of literature!'

After that, Birmingham, books, and Conan Doyle,
A touch of the old trouble—a low state
Of worn depression, sometimes several days—
And finally, the School of Journalism
To be my final crown...

Well, there it was, and here I am, a man
More smug against than sinning, waking up
At ten to ten in Lowestoft, and going
Out for a walk a little dizzy
(A sleeping draught perhaps), and stepping in
To four foot six of water and thick mud.

Among the many papers found on me
A stained sheet with some careful jottings made
For the forthcoming Johnson Celebrations,
And these words too, which need no note or gloss:
'Poems in couplets written so that each
Couplet has two or three emphatic syllables,
Two or one in the first line, one in the second
Commencing with the same—this is also
The initial of the chief emphatic syllable
In the second line: thus, "I was weary of wandering
And went me to rest
Under a broad banke
By a bourn side".'

And scholarship, and literature, live on:
As once I heeded, heedless others stray
Ennobled in their errors, Here I lie.

To the Editor

Authors and Unions

It is kind of Frederic
Lafont to wish us a statue (Lettre,
August 11), though it crosses
our minds that statues are usually
reserved, like canonization, for the
dead.

The instance of the Soviet
Union is there before us. Mr
Lafont declares incontrovertibly
that there is, too, and nearer
home, the Swedish writers' union
and the West German one. The
Soviet Writers' Union is the pro-
duct of the Soviet regime, not vice
versa. It would be more pertinent
to ask the writers' unions in
capitalized, democratic societies
what they are for.

The only dangers to writers'
freedom in Britain that Mr
Lafont mentions are those he
thinks will come from "the norms
of unionism" or a "print
union". As a precaution, he urges
writers' unions to adopt "an un-
derstandable rule", and he insists that
no print union were to threaten
to censor them, writers should boy-
cott it, and should not join it.

But a democratic organization can no more
enforce "unrepealable" rules than a
democratic government can bind
itself to a permanent policy. And opposition
to a policy is not to be democratic if
it goes into action "without
debates" and, in particular, with-
out "debates concerning morals".

In the issue that included Mr
Lafont's letter, your reviewer
observed that the Festival of Light
which (but failed) to get John
Reidy's book *The Sexual Outlaw*
banned. In the same week, LBC
suspended a broadcaster who
expressed his view that the Pope
had caused millions to go to
hell; BBC Radio broadcast the
American play *Kennedy's Children*
on a week from which it had
suspended the expletives (Nixon's
children?) and BBC Television
suspended a repeat of a play by
Barbara Kafta. None of these threats
to freedom of expression came
from "the norms of irado un-
derstandable". Will someone now urge
writers to boycott the BBC "with-
out debates"?

In the hysteria occasioned by the
Soviet writers' union has
been in Britain for the past
twenty years, controversy has
been forgotten that there are two
ways to suppress a writer. One is
to forbid him to be published. The
other is to let him starve.

The Swedish and West German
writers' unions set us pertinent
examples here. Thanks largely to
the work of both countries have
been leading rights. Sweden has
a system of royalties on books. West
Germany has an Author's Right
which, unlike the current British
Copyright Act, makes the crea-
tor the owner of the work he creates,
and these rights inalienable
and perpetual, and includes among
them a right to object to distortion
of the work.

The Writers' Guild is pressing
for a law for the transformation
of British copyright into author's
rights. In July it concluded the first
step in Britain between a
writers' union and a publisher on minimum
fee book publication. It is by

such prosaic and practical steps,
together with opposition to censor-
ship from any quarter, that British
writers can, through their union,
combat the real and present
threats to their freedom to express
themselves publicly. Reading books
in borrowed copies continues to be
hugely popular. Yet it is daily
more difficult for published writers
to make a living from their books,
for hardback titles to get into
paperback, for new or esoteric
writers to get into print, and for
any writers to stay in print.

In Britain, too, there are dissi-
dent writers whose work (though,
mercifully, not always their per-
sonal freedom) is in danger of sup-
pression or has already been sup-
pressed. Some have succumbed to
the laws (on "obscenity" or "blas-
phemy") or the pressures that
enforce the "norms" of public
taste. The majority simply do not
conform to the "norms" of mass
marketing.

MAUREN DUFFY.

BRIGID BROPHY.

Writers' Guild of Great Britain,
430 Edgware Road, London W2
1EH.

Mr—A recent statement by
Michael Gilbert in your columns
(August 18) that "a sub-
stantial majority of the members"
of the Society of Authors supports
the move for unionization is not
borne out by the official figures
put out by the society.

From these it appears that, of
the total membership, some 44 per
cent supported unionization, some
20 per cent opposed it, and some 35
per cent were "don't knows" (I
did not express an opinion).

J. G. MAVROCORDATO.
South Manor, Tilshead, Salisbury,
Wiltshire.

Jacques Lacan

Mr—May we say how ludicrous
Roger Scruton's review of Lacan
(August 11) appears to us? Not
that we disagree with all the points
he makes. Lacan's hardly intelli-
gible jargon, his strange use of the
word algorithm, his—so our mind—
purely metaphorical use of mathe-
matical symbols. But when one has
made those facile and superficial
comments one must turn to the main
task: assessing Lacan's contribution
to contemporary thought. As lin-
guists we would say that Lacan has
given us new and important insights
as to the way language works. It
would take too much space to
develop an argument along these
lines but we would have thought
this was what a review was about.

Mr Scruton's review, on the con-
trary, is an instance of what has
been described in countless
humorous pieces: the refusal to
understand what is not plain com-
mon sense, the nervous laughing at
the intellectually complex or the
culturally foreign, the strong dis-
taste for anything un-English. There
is a name for this: indeed, we think
Mr Scruton's review is a bad case of
Potsdam. And, although we are
not psychoanalysts, we think it can
be taken as a symptom: we are
wrong in sensing, behind the violent
derisiveness of tone, a certain fasci-
nation, perhaps even the very
hysteria which Mr Scruton projects
upon Lacan?

Hysteria apart, there are very real
problems in translating this kind

of text, though at no point does
Mr Scruton attempt to assess these.
To take but one example, words like
"le regard" and "le discours",
rendered by "the gaze" and "dis-
course", are not, in the original,
the woolly or pompous terms they seem
to be in translation. On the con-
trary they have for the contem-
porary French reader all the pre-
cision of well-established philoso-
phical and linguistic concepts.

Above all, to dismiss the Seminar
on the Ego merely as a social
comedy with the auditorium
divided into friends and foes shows
that Mr Scruton has not the faint-
est idea of the kind of exchange
that really takes place. This is to
reject out of hand a book which,
like much of Lacan's earlier work,
is neither abstruse nor precious and
is a real pleasure to read. The con-
stant re-defining of the ego from
the earliest neurological texts to
the final emergence of the concepts
of Eros and Thanatos, notions which
Lacan does much to clarify in
terms of his own perfectly coherent
system.

ANN AND JACQUES LECERLE.
Department of English, Univer-
sité de Paris X, 92000 Nanterre.

Mr—To my surprise, I find my
name quoted in Roger Scruton's
review of "Incantations of the self"
(August 11).

It is true that I had public dia-
logue with Jacques Lacan, in 1957.
The question was about the suc-
cession of two terms (such as + and
-) when left to pure chance. I used
an original device (cf Lacan's text)
to try to disprove Lacan's hypo-
theses, and he was much interest-
ed by my attempt. After that, he
asked somebody else to try again,
without using any device of that
kind, in order to obtain truly ran-
dom terms.

That was all. Your readers must
understand there was no "single
combat" or "sabbath form" and
no "imaginary" crowd whatever.

So easy a page in Lacan's writings
could not be misunderstood, and
should not Mr Scruton scrutinize
better?

I am not concerned, at least per-
sonally, with the other parts of his
review. I enjoyed the humour, but
it often misses the point. The most
serious part (Hegel, Freud and
Lacan) is mistaken, because Mr
Scruton chooses to ignore Freud's
Verstehen and Lacan's *speculative*.

All this is very useful, for the
more Lacan is spoken of, the more
he exists, of course.

JOSEPH ALBOP.
35 Avenue Ferdinand Buisson,
Paris 16e.

Mr—Roger Scruton's review of
Lacan (August 11) begins with the
prescribed incantations ("jargon",
"French intellectual fashion") and
proceeds to mislead, I think unwill-
ingly.

Of inaccuracy I refer only to the
most outrageous example: Dr Scr-
uton calls the Saussurian signifier
"sign representing language", and
the signified, "sign representing
world". These are curious locu-
tions. More to the point, they rep-
resent an error of the first kind.
For the signifier is the sound of
the word; the signified, the concept
or concepts which accompany the
sound. Such a division of the lin-
guistic sign begs no questions about
what Dr Scruton calls the "world".
It is a division which, to be brief,
makes Lacan's discussion of lan-
guage much more complex than Dr
Scruton allows.

There is therefore something sin-
gularly graceless about the remark
that linguistics "appears more to
those who do not understand it than

to those who do". *Fabula de nar-
ratur*. Why then does linguistics
not appeal to Dr Scruton?

His sensitivity, however, allows
him to see that Lacan is paralyzing
the constructions of meaning, be-
cause "the obsession with symbols
is no more than an elaborate form
of narcissism". This is tolerably
perceptive for one with Dr Scruton's
prejudices. But since he has
realized this, why the solemn, in-
dignant and highly selective dissec-
tion of these parodies? Clearly
there is something more inscrutable
(in-scrut-able) in Lacan's irony
than Dr Scruton can see. Otherwise
he could hardly conclude that
Lacan's psychoanalysis is "a re-
ligion in which the self and its past
are given the redeeming attributes
of God and Eternity". One can
almost hear the squeak of laughter
that would provoke in Dr Lacan,
if he is the witty, disarming, and
English reviewing style? Certainly,
Dr Scruton's complete, take-away
Freud and Hegel (no mention of
Heidegger?) can only breathe in
English air.

EDWARD LARRISSY.
46 Park Town, Oxford.

'Art Collecting'

Mr—When the TLS reached the
flattering decision to publish two
of my Mellon Lectures, I was al-
ready in the Greek islands, out of
reach of communication. By my
own fault, therefore, a preliminary
draft of the fifth lecture appeared
in the TLS (August 4) containing
slips of the mind that were cor-
rected before the lecture was deliv-
ered at our National Gallery. Only three
main ones need notice:

In the passage concerning the
Cararra medals, "Ferrara" should
be "Padua" as indicated in the next
sentence.

The precedent-setting villa built
by Lorenzo de' Medici should of
course be Poggio a Caiano rather
than Carrigi.

And of the three gems men-
tioned in the lecture's last sen-
tence, only Niccolò Niccoli's calce-
donio was somehow lost to view
after Piero de' Medici's flight from
Florence in 1494; the other two can
still be seen in Naples.

For want of author's proofread-
ing there are other slight blemishes,
but only one is serious enough to
require correction. Professor
Krauthammer did not write of the
unbiased reader will draw his own
conclusions. I am likewise confident
that the integrity of the book will
be upheld and that Mr Southworth
will be thoroughly discredited.

BURNETT BOLLTON.
491 Regent Court, Los Altos, Cal-
ifornia 94022.

'The Spanish Revolution'

Mr—This is in reply to Harbert
Southworth's review (June 9) of the
French edition of my book,
La Révolution espagnole.

In his attempt to undermine the
credibility of this vast expansion
and updating of *The Grand Camou-
flage*, first published in 1961, Mr
Southworth asserts that the book
cannot be dissociated from the
Cold War, and throws out an
immoderate that it was "inspired by
secret funds from certain United
States agencies" by which of
course he means the CIA. Since it
is rather convenient to identify dis-
senters from Soviet policy with the
CIA (in the 1930s such dissenters
were labelled Trotskyists), I must
ask Mr Southworth, which source
inspired his immoderate?

As complete people can testify,
neither *The Grand Camouflage*, nor
its successor, *The Spanish Revolution*,
which will be published in
November by the prestigious Uni-
versity of North Carolina Press, was
"inspired by secret funds" or
indeed by funds from any agency
or institution. *The Spanish Revolu-
tion* is the product of forty years
of scrupulously objective and pain-
ful research financed exclusively by
myself at great personal sacrifice—
even to the point of having to sell
encyclopaedias for several years from
door to door when I ran out of funds.

In his foreword to my new work,
Professor Raymond Carr states, with
regard to *The Grand Camouflage*,
that "it was the work of a dedicated
scholar who had combed every avail-
able source in order to reconstruct
the confused politics of Republican
Spain in the Civil War". I am
confident that *The Spanish Revolu-
tion* will be similarly judged by
others.

Although *The Grand Camouflage*
was finished in 1963, I was unable

to find a publisher for eight years,
because, as Professor Hugh Trevor-
Roper pointed out in his introduc-
tion to the second edition in 1968,
the Anglo-American literary estab-
lishment was "stuck in the
fashionable postures of the 1930s".
In 1961, the book was published in
the United Kingdom by Hollis and
Carter, a Catholic publishing house,
to which I was most grateful, as I
had given up any hope that it would
be accepted by a liberal publisher,
either academic or commercial. Had
it been "inspired by secret funds"
it would obviously not have taken
eight years to find a publisher.

Mr Southworth states that many
of my sources are "the confessions
of ex-members of the Spanish Com-
munist party or Russian *trains*
trains", but does not mention the
thousands of references in the text,
appendices, and footnotes to other
primary sources—speeches,
memoirs, letters, interviews, press
statements, newspaper articles, mani-
festos, decrees, and documents
gathered over a period of forty
years—representing the entire
political spectrum of the left. He
also states that I have "ended up
with a book that is fundamentally
hostile to all the elements that com-
posed the forces of the Spanish
Republic". This is a gross distor-
tion. What appears to bother Mr
Southworth is that the Communist
party and its allies in the Socialist
party, such as Alvarez del Vayo and
Negri, fare rather badly under the
pitiless light of truth. Other organi-
zations and personalities of the left
also come under the same close
scrutiny, but fare much better.
Clearly, what Mr Southworth raises
is a question of conscience: should
the historian conceal or manipulate
facts in order to favour one fac-
tion against another? This I did
not choose to do.

In preparing to my new book,
I state: "In preparing this volume
I have allowed myself to be guided
solely by a desire to reveal the
truth. I have endeavoured by the
most diligent research and by the
most conscientious selection of
material to maintain the highest
possible standard of objectivity, and
regret that in so doing I have had
to ignore the political susceptibil-
ities of friends and acquaintances
who provided me so generously with
personal testimony and documentary
material." I have endeavoured to
state the facts without manipulation or opia-
sion and am confident that the
unbiased reader will draw his own
conclusions. I am likewise confident
that the integrity of the book will
be upheld and that Mr Southworth
will be thoroughly discredited.

BURNETT BOLLTON.
491 Regent Court, Los Altos, Cal-
ifornia 94022.

Mr—In case some readers
might infer from Victoria Glead-
ing's review of *A Pacifist's War*
(August 4) that Frances Partridge
did not assist me with my *Life of
Lyttelton Strachey* as fully as other
people, I would like to put on
record that no one could have been
more encouraging and more gener-
ous than she was with sympathetic
practical help. She lent me letters
and extracts from diaries, and she
answered all my questions. She
also read my book before publi-
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paring a revised edition. She went
out of her way to help me weed
out errors and assured me of my
fidelity "to the facts and the feel-
ing of the characters". The bio-
graphy would have been a poorer
thing without her support.

Since Ralph Partridge's later life
was not part of my career, I did
not attempt to give a full portrait
of him. If he has been "hard done
by" it can only be by people read-
ing into my pages things that are
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MICHAEL HOLROYD.
85 St Mark's Road, London W10.

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Information, please

Major-General Sir Isaac Brock (1769-1812), commander of the forces of Upper Canada in the War of 1812: whereabouts of any unpublished documents, diaries or correspondence not available from public sources, for a biography. **Laura Damania**, Apartment 6, 2881 Lawrence Avenue East, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1P 2S8.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762-1837), bibliographer and man of letters: whereabouts of any manuscript material or family papers, for a new biography. **Shirley M. Lansdown**, Department of English and Education, Algonquin College of Higher Education, Algonquin, Ontario, K7M 9L7.

Pellam Edgar (1871-1944) of Victoria College, University of Toronto, author of *The Art of the Novel* and *Henry James, Man and Author*: whereabouts of any correspondence with him or reminiscences about his career, for a biography. **Sandra Campbell**, Department of English, University of Ottawa, Ottawa K1N 6N5.

Charles Folkard: whereabouts of any of his original colour artwork, especially from *Aesop's Fables*, 1911. **Paul White**, 49 Mandeville Road, Hertford, Herts.

Norman Rowland Gale (1862-1942), poet and storyteller: details of any anonymously published books and periodical contributions, also whereabouts of any manuscripts or letters, for a biography. **M. P. Seenooy**, 31 London Lane, Bromley, Kent.

Victor Gollancz: whereabouts of any information about him, for a biography. **Ruth Dudley Edwards**, 22D Elmwood Road, West Covington, Surrey.

Sarah Grand (Frances McFall), (1862-1943), author of *The Heart of the Matter*, *The Book and the Author*: whereabouts of any correspondence with him or reminiscences about his career, for a biography. **Gillian Ryan**, Ashley Wood, Kilsdown, Co. Wick, Wiltshire.

Walden Kees, modern American poet: whereabouts of any manuscripts or personal recollections, for a critical study. **William T. Ross**, Department of English, University of South Florida, Tampa, Florida 33620.

Captain Charles A. Kellett: whereabouts of his log of the voyage in the Chinese junk *Keying*, from Hong Kong to London 1846-48, or any other unpublished documents or illustrations, for a monograph. **H. A. Rydings**, Librarian, University of Hong Kong, Pokfulam Road, Hong Kong.

James L. McCutcheon: any information about him and whereabouts of his *Key for an English Paradise for Britain* (c.1890). **Keith Thomas**, 11 Myrtle Road, Bristol BS2 8JL.

H. C. McNeill ("Supper"): whereabouts of any letters, memoirs or information about his army career, his life in Switzerland and his final years in Sussex. **Ion Trewin**, 48 Chalmers Crescent, London NG.

Richard Barham Middleton (1882-1911), author of *The Ghost-*

ship and other stories, essays and poems: whereabouts of any letters or other information, for a biography. **Stephen W. Foster**, 2150 SW 37 Avenue, No 7, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

Harold Monroe's Poetry Bookshop: whereabouts of any information, for a bibliography. **J. Howard Woolmer**, Gladstone Hollow, Andes, New York 13731.

Sylvia Pankhurst: whereabouts of any drawings of her, for a monograph. **Richard Pankhurst**, 22 Lawn Road, London NW3.

The Patrician, 1919-46: whereabouts of any information about this British edition of the American magazine *Vanities*. **Kitty Hoffman**, Department of English, Erindale College, University of Toronto, Mississauga, Ontario L5L 1C6.

Henry Peacham's The Compleat Gentleman: whereabouts of copies of the editions of 1622, 1627 and 1634, for collating a new edition. **Robyn Andrews**, Department of English, Bedford College, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London NW1 4NS.

George Herbert Peris (1904-1974), journalist, author and writer of good causes: whereabouts of any information about him, for a biography. **R. A. G. G. G.**, 14 Vanburgh Field, London SE3 7TZ.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761): whereabouts of any letters, memoirs or information about him, for a monograph. **Sarah W. R. G.**, Department of English, University of London, London WC2E 9BT.

Lola Ridge (1873-1941), poetess of any letters, memoirs or information about her, for a monograph. **Elaine S.**, 705B Pollard Park, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

Hudson Stuck (1863-1920), novelist, Texas cowboy, and climber: whereabouts of any letters or personal memoirs. **David H. B.**, Department of History, State College, Fresno, California 93725.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Deputy Librarian

The Independent Broadcasting Authority, which is the body responsible for Independent Television and Independent Local Radio, has a vacancy in its Headquarters Library based in Knightsbridge for a **DEPUTY LIBRARIAN** (male or female).

The main duties of the post are concerned with the day to day running of a specialist library; the classification and cataloguing of books and pamphlets; the supervision of staff; maintaining contacts and dealing with enquiries from staff, other libraries and outside organisations; making recommendations on additions to the Library stock; and keeping abreast of developments in broadcasting and librarianship to assist with the future planning of the Library.

The Deputy Librarian will work under the general supervision of the Librarian and will assume general responsibility in the absence of the Librarian for a Library located near Winchester; occasional travelling to this location will, therefore, be necessary.

Candidates should preferably be Chartered Librarians, but certainly must have passed Part II of the Library Association examinations or hold a degree or Diploma in Librarianship; applicants must also have two years' practical experience in a Library, one year of which should be post qualification experience. The starting salary will be in the range £4,037-£4,682 (increase pending).

IBA INDEPENDENT BROADCASTING AUTHORITY

Please write or telephone for an application form to: The Personnel Officer, Independent Broadcasting Authority, 70 Brompton Road, London, SW3 3JY. Telephone No. 01-584 7011 Extension 272.

Nottinghamshire County Council
EDUCATION
COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of College Librarian at the Nottingham College of Further Education, High Road, Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, NG2 2BQ. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

4 ASSISTANT SCHOOL LIBRARIANS

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Assistant School Librarian at the Nottingham College of Further Education, High Road, Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, NG2 2BQ. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of School Librarian at the Warwickshire County Council, Education Committee, Warwick, Warwickshire, CV34 4EF. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

ISLINGTON LIBRARIES
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Children's Librarian at the Islington Libraries, Islington, London, N1 2EJ. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

REMINDER

COPY FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE T.L.S. SHOULD ARRIVE NOT LATER THAN 10.30 AM MONDAY PRECEDING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION

Publisher
required for illustrated book on new aspects of cultural history.

Please contact: **Kimoway**, Whitwell Hotel, 1 Montague Street, W.C.1 Tel. 580 5871.

County Library
Assistant Schools Librarian
School Library Centre-Leagrave

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians for the post of Assistant Schools Librarian at the Southern Area Schools Library Centre on the outskirts of Luton. The successful candidate will join a team of librarians responsible for providing books and advisory services to schools and playgroups in Luton and South Bedfordshire, and support services to the County's 29 professional school librarians. This is a rewarding post giving the successful candidate an opportunity to gain expertise in many aspects of work with children. While preference will be given to candidates with some experience of the kind of work, applications will also be considered from energetic and enthusiastic librarians who have recently completed their librarianship training. The person appointed will need to own a car and a casual user allowance will be paid. **SALARY:** Qualified Librarians, AP2, £3,279-£3,651 (inclusive of Phase 1 supplement). Chartered Librarians, Librarians' Career Grade, AP3-5, £3,732-£5,073 (inclusive of Phase 1 supplement). Progression beyond £4,146 and £4,682 dependent upon responsibility and experience.

CLOSING DATE: 8th September. Further details and application form from Nigel Slack, Bedfordshire County Library Headquarters, County Hall, Cauldwell Street, Bedford, Tel. Bedford 56161.

Bedfordshire
County Council

Northern Regional Health Authority
Librarian

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the post of Librarian to the Regional Health Authority. The initial duties will be to organise and expand the present library facilities and provide an information service. Applicants should preferably be chartered librarians or have alternative relevant experience. Salary scale, £4,421 to £5,328. New entrants to the National Health Service will normally commence on the minimum of the scale. Application forms and job descriptions are available from the Regional Personnel Officer, Northern Regional Health Authority, Benfield Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 4PT. Closing date, 4th September, 1978.

London Borough of Southwark

Qualified Librarians with relevant experience are invited to apply for the following posts:

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN AP4. £4,880-55,067 p.a. (Ref. T.L.S. 7/7846)

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN AP3. £4,167-54,581 p.a. (Ref. T.L.S. 7/7846)

To be Second-in-Charge of a Library open 32 hours per week, with special responsibility for children's services. Supplemental duties include: reference, advisory, and general library work. Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer, London Borough of Southwark, 100 Borough Road, London SE1 1JF. Please quote appropriate reference number and job title. Closing Date 9.9.78.

Picture Researcher

Thames and Hudson require an arts graduate to join their picture research team. Knowledge of History and History of Art, foreign languages and the ability to do one's own typing would be advantageous. Previous experience is desirable. We are able to offer an attractive salary and 4 weeks' annual holidays. Please write with full curriculum vitae to:

ELAINE WOLF, THAMES AND HUDSON LTD., 32 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QP.

Directorate of Community Services

SENIOR ASSISTANT (LIBRARIES)

£4,167-£4,581

We need a SENIOR ASSISTANT to undertake varied duties in Area or Branch Libraries. Please telephone Mr. Elliott, 01-790 1818, ext. 99, for informal discussion.

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London, E.C.2, or telephone 01-881 0077 (Ansafone). Please quote reference 9/42. Closing date, 11th September.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS

WIRRAL
Metropolitan Borough of

ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

£2,823-£4,146 (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians)

To be a member of a professional team providing services to young people throughout the Borough. Duties include the promotion of the service through extension activities and liaison with schools. Applicants must have passed the final examinations of the Library Association or hold an equivalent qualification.

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

£2,823-£4,146 (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians)

To be responsible for a Branch Library within a group. One post is at Eastham, the other at Kirby. The ability to promote the library at community level and an interest in working with young people an advantage. Application forms from the Director of Leisure Services, 1 Riverside Road, West Kirby, Wirral, Merseyside. (Telephone 051-825 8441, ext. 82). Returnable by 8th September.

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARY SERVICE

Senior Assistant Librarian
WILLOWHALL LIBRARY
(PAGHAM/ALDWICK AREA)

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post. This post offers a challenging opportunity for those seeking experience in all fields of work in a busy library. Salary within range £2,823-£4,146 p.a. (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians). Closing date 8th September, 1978.

Application forms and further details from Mrs. B. Topley, Library Administration Centre, Northleigh House, Tower Street, Chichester, West Sussex. Telephone Chichester 85100, ext. 655.

LIBRARIANS

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LIBRARIANS

DISTRICT CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH LIBRARIAN, £3,732-£4,146 p.a. (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians).

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post. This post offers a challenging opportunity for those seeking experience in all fields of work in a busy library. Salary within range £2,823-£4,146 p.a. (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians). Closing date 8th September, 1978.

WILTSHIRE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM SERVICE
LIBRARIAN, WILTON AND OLD SWINDON

The Librarian will be required to supervise two other librarians in the service. Duties include active participation in the development of the service to the community. Salary scale, £3,732-£4,146 p.a. (minimum of £3,732 for Chartered Librarians). Closing date 8th September, 1978.

BLCMF (LIBRARY SERVICES) LIMITED
CATALOGUE EDITOR

BLCMF (Library Services) Limited is a private company, limited by guarantee, with a share capital of £100,000. The company is registered in England. The company is a member of the Library Association. The company is a member of the Library Association. The company is a member of the Library Association.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARIAN

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Librarian at the Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 7RU. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM
THE LIBRARY

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Librarian at the University of Aston in Birmingham, Birmingham, B4 7ET. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
THE LIBRARY

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Librarian at the University of Birmingham, Birmingham, B15 2TT. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

BIRMINGHAM THE UNIVERSITY OF MAIN LIBRARY

Appointed from September, 1978, to the position of Librarian at the University of Birmingham, Birmingham, B15 2TT. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service to the college and will be required to manage a staff of four librarians. The successful candidate will be required to manage a staff of four librarians.

REMINDER

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Leicestershire LIBRARIAN

AP3 £3,420-£3,884 + £312

An imaginative and enthusiastic Chartered Librarian is required to join a professional team in North-West Leicestershire. Main responsibility will be development of services from a new library in the growing community of Beaumont Leys on the edge of Leicester. This is a challenging post for a Librarian interested in serving the whole community; the community is a young one and an interest in work with children and young people is essential. Further details and application forms from: Gordon Bellon, Head of Library and Information Services, Syston Library, Upper Church Street, Syston, Leicestershire LE17 8HR. Telephone: Leics. 807877. Closing date: 8th September, 1978.

LIBRARIES AND INFORMATION

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

£4,425-£4,812 Woking

A qualified Librarian is required from August, 1978, to take charge of the library at Winton Church Primary School, Winton, Woking. The school has 1,200 pupils aged 12-16. Duties include the selection and purchase of books in consultation with teaching staff, the cataloguing and listing of books, the preparation of displays and the continued development of the library as a resource centre.

Application form from Area Education Officer, 9 Heathside Road, Woking. Tel. Woking 4311.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

Children's Librarian

£4,167-£4,581 inclusive

To take charge of a Branch Children's Library in the Battersea area. All aspects of library work with children are involved, including school class visits, story hours, film shows and other activities. An enthusiasm for children and their books is essential, as is the ability to communicate with children of all ages. Application form/job description from Personnel Section, Recreation Dept., Battersea Town Hall, S.W.11 (228 8899, ext. 243). Closes 8 September. Please quote reference 405.

LONDON BOROUGH OF Wandsworth

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post from Chartered Librarians, preferably holding a degree. Experience of information services would be an advantage. Salary scale: £4,056-£5,346 or £4,578-£5,853 per annum. Local Government Superannuation Scheme. Further details may be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer, Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, Schoolhill, Aberdeen AB9 1FR.

NORTHERN IRELAND WESTERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD

SENIOR YOUTH LIBRARIAN

(TYRONE DIVISION)

Salary Scale: AP5 £4,461-£4,761 plus £312 supplement per annum

Based in Omagh, the person appointed will be responsible directly to the Assistant Chief Librarian, Youth Services for the service to all schools within the Division, and for the coordination and development of work with young people outside the school environment. Involvement in library matters for Youth Services throughout the Area and close liaison with the Divisional Librarian in providing a comprehensive service throughout the Division will be essential. Qualifications required—Qualified Librarian with at least two years' relevant post-qualification experience. Application forms and further particulars are available from Personnel Officer, Western Education and Library Board, 1 Hospital Road, Omagh, Co Tyrone BT79 6AW, returnable by noon, September 11, 1978.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

An assistant librarian is required for the busy technical library of BHRA. Applicants should have a degree or diploma in librarianship and an interest in science or engineering. Previous experience is not essential. Salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience, and on the scale of £2,200 to £3,700 per annum. Further details are available on request.

Please apply, enclosing a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees, to:

Miss H. Pickett, Librarian, BHRA Fluid Engineering, Cranfield, Bedford MK43 0AJ.

ABERDEEN ROBERT GORDON'S INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post from Chartered Librarians, preferably holding a degree. Experience of information services would be an advantage. Salary scale: £4,056-£5,346 or £4,578-£5,853 per annum. Local Government Superannuation Scheme.

Further details may be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer, Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, Schoolhill, Aberdeen AB9 1FR.